

MISCELLANY.

A BOY'S SONG.

BY THE STRICK SHEPHERD.

Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,
There to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
Little sweet maidens from the play.
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play,
Through the meadow, among the bay;
Up the water and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

From the Baltimore Minerva.
The Turkey's Leg.

'Tis necessity,
To which the gods must yield, and I obey,
'Till I redeem it by some glorious way.

Beaumont & Fletcher.

A strange title for a pathetic story, Mr. Editor—yet, I assume it for a very good reason; stories that have odd titles are very apt to be read—had I headed mine, “Mortified Pride”—perhaps it would stand a fair chance of passing into oblivion.

I once met with as noble a genius as was ever moulded out of clay; he was all heart and soul—he loved his friends, pitied his enemies, and had a half of his little store always ready for a fellow creature in distress. Such choice spirits are rare commodities now-a-days in this world of bustle and speculation; when they are met with, we generally find them to possess a counteracting passion—for where is the human being that is all perfection? Edgar Sinclair (this is as good a name as any) was of an ancient and honorable family; his parents, though possessing but a very limited fortune, instilled into their son the same aristocratical principles, they had inherited from their ancestors. He received a splendid education, the expenses of which almost impoverished his father, and when he entered the world he was obliged to select a profession whereby he could obtain a livelihood. He chose the law, as giving a free scope to his powers of eloquence. A brilliant intellect will not long remain in obscurity; the genius and wit of Edgar made him friends, and his poverty and excessive pride were soon lost in the admiration his associates betrayed for his high intellectual qualities. He became an accomplished poet, his songs were sung by romantic little misses with delight—his odes were recited on public occasions, and his *bon mots* even attributed to Dean Swift, Ben Johnson, Sheridan, &c. for no one ever thought of Joe Miller.

Edgar with all his strength of mind and nobleness of nature was weak enough to fall in love—and with an amiable and lovely girl too, who possessed every recommendation a poet could wish; a man of the world might say she wanted one thing—money. The story of their loves would be nothing uncommon, so I shall pass all that over. The affection was mutual, and so they got married in the usual way of forming a co-partnership.

Edgar Sinclair was, to use his own expression, born under an unlucky star with an iron spoon in his mouth. He loved his wife dearly, as all husbands should do, and he paid dearly for his love, for she was too lovely a girl to be snubbed at, and he too proud to allow her to appear a jot behind others in point of fashion. Things went on for a while swimmingly, for Edgar had friends who would help him out of difficulties. But in the course of time, he was reduced to a minus quantity: i. e. he owed more than he had a prospect of paying. To confess poverty is to all men a task; to him it was a degradation—his proud nature scorned it—he sold out all he had—paid what he could, and left the rest to chance. His wife very wisely accommodated her desires to her husband's means, and he loved her ten times more for it. Frequently they had to go without a dinner for the want of the ready to pay the butcher and the baker—such is the fate of genius.

The ready wit and humor of Edgar gave him a passport to the first circles; for many a purse-proud personage, while he loves to mark the brightest scintillations of genius, little recks the grief that is cracking the heart-strings of the being from whom they emanate. He received an invitation from a Southern nabob to dine, which was, of course, accepted. His wife asked him, as he dressed himself for the feast with an

appetite well whetted, if he would think of her while he sat at the sumptuous table? The hint was broad enough: Edgar kissed her care-worn checks, while a blushing mantled his own, and told her he would not forget her.

All things went on smoothly—southerners are noble hosts, they know well how to cater for hungry guests. The table was richly laden with viands of various kinds. Edgar's jokes gave a zest to the whole, and, had it not been for one malapropos, the company might have separated grateful to the host and delighted with the humorist. But there was mortification in store for Edgar, and, in fact for the whole company.

As the champaign was going its merry rounds, and as all hearts was ripe with glee, the steward informed the host that two of his massive table spoons were missing, and, that the waiters had all been searched, and that the articles could not be found. A gentleman immediately proposed that each one present should be searched—but the host most positively declined—he had too much respect for his friends—he could not for a moment suspect any gentleman present. But it would not do, the company insisted on being searched, and the host proceeded reluctantly to the task. After examining the pockets of several, he came to Edgar, on whose visage the white and red might be seen alternately coming and going.

“Excuse me, Mr. Sinclair—but it is the wish of the company.”

“I—I—I—cannot be searched, Mr. B——” retorted Edgar, coloring highly, “my standing in society should place me above suspicion—and I assure you, on my honor as a gentleman, I have not got the spoons.”

A slight murmur went round the table, and Mr. B—— seemed very much agitated. “O! come, come Sinclair,” said a gentleman, “you certainly would not be singular in this case—turn your pockets inside out.”

“When I need your advice, sir, I shall ask it,” replied Edgar, coloring still more deeply; “I cannot submit to the search—it is a thing I am not used to—though I assure you all, gentlemen, on my honor, I know nothing of the spoons.”

All entreaties were unavailing, Edgar would not allow his pockets to be touched; and he therefore stood accused of theft!—Taking his hat and cane, and almost bursting over his wounded pride, though he endeavored with all his might not to expose the contest of feeling raging in his bosom, he walked firmly to the door, and bowing to the company, retired. When he entered the street his feelings found vent, and he burst into tears—his honor stigmatized—his reputation ruined forever. His wife received him with her usual kindness; but he heeded her not; he retired to bed and passed a night more of phrenzy than of repose.

In the morning he received a note from Mr. B——, desiring his immediate attendance, at his house. Thither Edgar went, conscious of his innocence, and prepared to divulge his secret.

“Tell me,” said Mr. B——, taking him kindly by the hand, “tell me sincerely, why you refused to be searched last evening, when the company proposed it?—I did not believe you guilty at the time, and my belief has since been verified—the spoons were thrown into the yard by a careless servant, who shook the cloth without examining it. Speak to me with confidence, I have ever thought you an honorable man.”

After several struggles between pride and duty, Edgar replied—

“Your disinterested generosity, sir, commands my admiration; and I am not ashamed to confess to you that I have abused your liberality. I am poor, sir—miserably poor—at your table I sated myself with luxuries—I thought of my wife, who had not had a dinner for two days. A tempting leg of a turkey lay on the dish, I thought it no harm, you might have given it to your dogs—so I slyly slipped it into my handkerchief, and deposited it in my pocket. Judge of my mortification, sir, when the gentlemen proposed that we should be searched for the spoons—my poverty and meanness to be exposed—it was more than my pride would bear, and I refused—for, I would rather be accused of robbing the mail, than of embezzling the left leg of a turkey.”

From the Baltimore Gazette.

ANECDOTES OF STEPHEN GIRARD.

The following anecdotes respecting the late Stephen Girard, are now going the rounds of the newspapers, and are characteristic of the man.

A young sailmaker of Philadelphia called on Mr. Girard for the purpose of buying a large quantity of Duck, which he wished to make up into sails. He was a stranger to Mr. G. and was not prepared to advance the cash for the article he wanted: of course Mr. G. told him he must procure some responsible name as surety on his note. The sailmaker agreed to the proposal, and

said, “I will return in a few minutes. Mr. Girard, with a note fixed according to your request,—and will you lend me a hand cart, to convey the canvas to my sail-loft?” “Certainly, sir; but do you intend to cart it down yourself?” “Yes I do, to be sure.” “But why do that—why not get some poor man to do it for you?” “Because,” replied the sailmaker, “if I do it myself, I shall have a shilling.” “Very well, sir, you shall have my cart, and I will take your note without an endorser.”

Mr. Girard one day asked a truckman in his employ, why he did not build himself a house, to which he replied that he was too poor having a numerous family dependent upon him. ‘Well,’ said he, “follow my directions and you will be able. This morning there is a cargo sale of molasses, on _____ wharf; go and buy the whole lot, I will become surety for the payment.” The man went accordingly, and on the molasses being put up, one hogshead or the whole lot, started at a very low rate. The bystanders who were all wholesale dealers, supposing that the man only wanted one hogshead, would not bid upon him, it was accordingly struck off. Much to their surprise, he told the auctioneer he would take the whole lot, naming his endorser, and before he left the spot, disposed of his bargain at an advance sufficient to build him a snug tenement.

From the People's Friend and Gazette.
REMINISCENCE OF ADAM KLEIBE.

THE LAST OF THE JOCKEY MEN.

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“Now I'll bet mine seelver watch upon your prass un, dis top cart is de Jack o' trumps.”

“What do you mean by the Jack of trumps?” asked Judge N——.

“I mean so exactly as I say—I will pet my seelver watch pon your prass un, dis top cart is de Jack o' spades.”

“Then you would loose your watch—you are mistaken in the card,” said the Judge; for in this apparent anxiety and carelessness, the other kept slipping the card in question so as to give him a pretty fair view of its face which discovered it to be diamonds instead of spades.

Kleibe insisted that he was right. “I swear by the wale wat made Jonas eat, dis is no mistake.”

Placing his gold watch on a chair where the jockey had already deposited his, beside which he had also laid the cards, “I will convince you,” said Judge N——, “how certainly you would lose your watch.”

“Well then, you turn 'em up,” said

Kleibe, carefully taking hold of the chains of both watches. Judge N—— turned the card and sure enough, it was the *Jack of spades!* “By Heavens the fellow has won it!” he exclaimed, while our hero danced away to the other end of the room to examine his prize.

“Come back here and tell me what you will take for that brass watch,” said Judge N—— recovering from a momentary surprise.

“I exactly cant tell 'em till I examine 'em first,” returned the jockey; pressing the stem to make it repeat; then opening it, he moved a spring that caused it to repeat in a different manner.

The Judge sat on nettles: Most I suffer that fellow to finger my watch which I never allowed a friend to open?”

“You forget yourself—it is not yours,” said his companion, hardly able to restrain his mirth.

His Honor bit his lip in vexation.

“Come here, I say, and tell me what you will take for that brass watch.”

Kleibe walked towards him with a mein that would well become a man of better business remarking, “Sir, this is an excellent watch, the chain too is very valuable—I perceive each link is a letter composing probably your name; you can have it for twenty five dollars.” The money was paid and the watch restored; after which the jockey called for wine, and said, turning to the Judge—“I always treat my friends when I have a full purse; you will please take a glass of wine and this bit of caution. Never bet with a man who holds the game in his own hands.”

A short and comprehensive Sermon—from the Portsmouth Journal.

Newspaper Borrowers.—Reader, if you borrow this paper send it right back—as you may feel *cheap* after you have finished this paragraph.

If the tailor sends a *new coat* home to you, would you think your neighbor fair in his request for the first use of it?

If the baker leaves you a *hot loaf*, should you like to lend it, and have it returned cold, with the corners knawed off?

If the penny-post leaves you a *letter* on your counter should you think it right in your neighbor to seize it, before you had time to read it, to *tally* a load of potatoes on it, and thank you for the use of it some hours after, should he not be so unfortunate as to lose it?

If these things are not right then it is not right to borrow a newspaper on the day that it is published.

We have received a request from one of our subscribers to discontinue his paper for the present, for no other reason than that he is *plagued by borrowers*.

We presume that they are not such persons as he can very well deny the use of the paper. *So it is with you, borrower*, whoever you are!—The person who lent you this, altho' he apparently did it with much pleasure, wished that you would take the paper yourself, and not take his *new coat, hot loaf and letter*, before he has made full use of them himself.

LOVELY WOMEN.—We said in the last Mail, “More ‘Lovely Women,’ and more Masonry very soon.”—But little did we think that on the same day we should have witnessed such a scene as we did at the Court House in Hagerstown. A good looking young man was put upon trial on a criminal accusation, presently, a lady, full of youth and beauty, was seen in the Court House, with a green calash and went up and took a seat near the prisoner. Something was said about her being present, and a friend told her she had better leave the Court House; but with tears in her eyes, she said she would rather stay. She remained until one of his counsel gave her a hint that she had better retire,—she did so, and took her stand in the dark recess under the Judge's seat and remained there until the jury had retired, when after much persuasion, she went to a private room in an adjoining Hotel. There she remained with a few of her own sex, trembling with hope and fear, until the Jury came down.

A friend went to tell her the result of ‘Not Guilty,’ but remained silent. ‘Oh! it is all over, she said. In a moment after the door flew open and she was in her husband's arms, and gave vent to her joy in a flood of tears.

This scene brought to our memory the beautiful song—“Come rest on this bosom my own striken deer.” Here was ‘Lovely Woman,’ saying in language more powerful than words,

“I know not, I ask not if guilt's in thy heart, I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.”

We loved ‘Lovely Woman’ enough before, but this scene showed her to us in a new aspect—we had read romantic tales of such subjects, but this was all reality, all pure nature. Perish the man who would calumniate woman.

The Mail.

GOODWIN & WILSTACH.

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No. 3, Upper Market, (or Fifth) Street, at the old sign of the

GOOD SAMARITAN.

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For sale at this Office.

Rags! Rags!

TWO cents per pound in **Cash** will be given for any quantity of clean Cotton and Linen **Rags** at this office.

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